

2Pac Lyrics

"LastOnesLeft"
(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Nigga, westside!
Westside in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]
Can't nobody stop us when we blunted up and swervin'
Packed in a Suburban
Screaming, "Outlaw!", runnin' on the curb
They never try me, 'cause right behind me a killer team
I get the word, cut the head off a nigga, like a guillotine
This Hennessy will keep me calm though
Sittin' in the back of the club, tradin' convo
Livin' like a Don in my own mind
Signal Kadafi, nigga, watch me with the chrome 9
All the time drinkin' champagne
Walk through the crowd, let the tramps hang
Niggas player hate but do a damn thing
Picture me doin' 80, down a one-way
Stuck in the trunk, caught with gun play
So I gotta keep my eyes open
Gettin' high, wonder why we gotta die smokin'
My alibi, addictively
Like them other vile men, I'm marked for death
Spendin' my nights like it's the last one left; I'm an outlaw

[2Pac:]
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
I'm the last one left
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Guess I'm the last one left

[Napoleon:]
I got my back against the wall, gat chillin' by my balls
Prior to war is a rider nigga that's only 5'6" tall
Napoleon only knows on we Outlaws, fuck fear
Better strap down to the fullest, 'cause we outchea
Thug passion all up in me, feelin' like I took some Henny
It ain't easy, I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of two pennies
What we got is rep, nigga, wanna pull their gat, nigga
He's only got my side 'cause they think 'Pac died, nigga
Blast niggas with our TEC's, takin' showers in our vest

'Pac, come and catch weight, nigga, we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

If we would've known the zone inside my own dome
Fresh outta jail, it was hell, but I'm finally home
Lookin' for niggas that was woofin' that shit
When I was locked back
Hands on the pump, make 'em jump when it cocked back
Fuck 'em all, they're bitches inside a world of weak
Bitch niggas be afraid to speak; we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left

[Kastro:]

I eat and sleep the worst shit, turfs and birth
Me and my team super supreme, puttin' in work
I'm passed out, drunk as a fuck, 'til it hurt
And I call Earl screaming, "Fuck the world!"
I got a bitch on the side wanna be my wife
And wifey beefin', wanna know if she gon' see me tonight
And I know it ain't right, but it's the life I got
And that's until I see Yak, and that's until I see 'Pac
Young know I lost a troll, somebody owed me down
And if the world was a girl
I'd stick my dick in the ground; fuck the world!

[2Pac:]

Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker...
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Outlawz in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker...
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker
In this motherfucker right here...

Thanks to BigBaller295, simsd@washington.navy.mil, nottinmatterz_2day for correcting these lyrics.

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